



NEURALGIA **BRUISES**
KILLS PAIN
RHEUMATISM

Mothers! Your cares in comforting the aches and pains of the family from youth to old age, are lessened when you use this old and trust-worthy remedy—

Sloan's Liniment

Bruises—Rheumatism—Neuralgia

Mothers: "Keep a bottle in your home"

Price 25c., 50c. and \$1.00

WOMAN'S RELIEF CORPS

By LOUISE OLIVER.

"Dear Connie—
"Can you come to dinner Friday? I have an extra girl, and as usual I need a man, Connie, dear, don't think I'm asking you for the tenth time this season just because I am so fond of you; such of course we all are. But it is because you are such a darling to fill in. What would we do without you?"

"Faithfully yours,
"Belle."

"P. S. "Don't tell the story about the flamingo. I simply can't laugh at it again. I can say it backward in my sleep. Hunt up a new supply."

"Well, I like that," laughed Connie Collins good naturedly as he laid aside the note and resumed his grapefruit. "One thing about Belle—she's candid." He sighed. "So I'm to supply again! It seems to me I've developed into a regular married woman's relief corps."

He finished his coffee and went to the office where he called up his prospective hostess for Friday.

"Hello, Belle! I got your note. Count on me. Yes, sure. No, I'll not tell the flamingo story another—what's that? Oh, she's pretty, is she? That's encouraging. Say, Belle, have some of that crab meat again, will you? All right—good for you! I'll be there sure."

When Friday night came and Connie was presented to the young person he was to take in to dinner, his first impulse was to hunt up his hostess and weep tears of joy and thankfulness upon her shoulder. Miss Maywell—such was her name—was a vision of sweet delight.

At dinner his hostess kept nodding and smiling at him as much as to say, "It's your reward, Connie, for a long period of martyrdom."

Then gradually—so imperceptibly that no one noticed it for a while—the air, heavy with the scent of American Beauty roses, became pungent, a blue haze began to fill the room and finally an eddy of smoke trailed across the low circle of light thrown by the candles.

"Fire!" a woman breathed convulsively and the guests sprang to their feet. Belle's husband, Max Wells, threw open the door into the hall. There was a solid wall of white smoke.

Dorothy Maywell laid a hand on Connie's arm. "Do you think it's upstairs?" she whispered. "I've got to go up and get some things if it is."

"You mustn't think of that," he insisted kindly. "Lives first, you know." He laid his hand reassuringly over the one resting nervously on his arm.

"But I've got to. Doesn't anyone know where it is?"

Then, before he realized what she was doing, she dashed a glass of water over a napkin, caught it up to her face and was out of the door, through the wall of smoke and tearing up the stairs.

Connie was at her heels, but he could not stop her. There had been no time for him to protect himself, and the smoke in his eyes and lungs strangled him, but he kept on.

Upstairs the smoke was less dense. Dorothy ran along the hall and into a room at the right.

"You can't come in," she called. But Connie, with eyes alert for flames, paid no attention.

"Hurry!" he urged. "Get what you want. But for heaven's sake hurry!"

She flew to a bureau, opened a small top drawer, got something that looked like a card, slid it into the front of her gown and faced him. "I'm ready!" she choked.

Connie's eyes were smarting so he could scarcely see. But they groped their way along the hall, keeping as close to the floor as possible. They almost fell down the stairs. In another instant they were outside on the porch just as the firemen arrived.

The men rushed into the smoke-filled house, upstairs, down cellar, garretward—yet there were no flames, only a dense, acrid smoke.

"No fire in the house at all," yelled someone. "It's all coming out of the registers. Something wrong with the furnace."

So to the cellar they went and found a piece of damp carpet smoldering in a disused furnace.

Open windows soon cleared the house sufficiently for the guests to return to their coffee.

As Connie placed Dorothy's chair for her, he noticed a white square on the floor. He picked it up and saw—his own photograph, with something written on the back! In an instant it was in his pocket. In some way he knew it was what Dorothy had been so frantic to rescue. It was very puzzling! Instinct told him, too, that she must never know he had discovered it.

This was what was written on the photograph, and what Connie felt he was entitled to read before he put a match to it at bedtime:

"I love his eyes. I love the way the hair waves over his left temple. I love the cleft in his chin, and his firm, strong mouth. I wonder if I shall ever know him."

Connie went to bed too happy to sleep. "After all," he reflected, "there's some advantage in being a supply. But I'm afraid Belle will have to hunt up another handy man. I'm gone!"

RETURNING HOME
After 20 Years Spent In Chinese Mission Work.

News has been received in Owensboro that Miss Julia K. McKenzie will sail March 17, from China on her way back to America. She is said to be completely broken down in health, and her friends very much fear that she will never live to reach her native land.

She has been a missionary to China for more than twenty years, only returning home once during this entire time. She and her co-worker, Miss Mary Moorman, are two of the most efficient and successful missionaries in the entire foreign field.

She was first sent as a missionary by the First Baptist church, of this city, but when the Third church was organized, she united with that, and to a large extent has been supported by it ever since.

Besides being such a splendid Bible scholar, Miss McKenzie knew a great deal about medicine and household arts. She was a brilliant conversationalist, and might have made a name for herself along literary lines.—Owensboro Messenger.

Peace Toast.

The world has been invited to toast peace and the Panama-California International Exposition at noon of March 18, Dedication Day of the 1916 Exposition. The following request has been sent by President G. A. Davidson, of the Exposition to prominent men and organizations in all parts of the world:

JOIN IN A TOAST TO PEACE AND AN EXPOSITION OF PEACE.

"Formal dedication of the Panama-California International Exposition will be held March 18. Nineteen nations, U. S. possessions, Western states and California counties are joining in San Diego to promote every fruit of civilization that is being destroyed in the other hemisphere. At noon of March 18, in the name of the directors of the 1916 International Exposition, I ask that you join in a toast that our Exposition fulfill the highest obligations that can devolve on a people's Exposition of progress.

G. A. DAVIDSON, Pres."

Woman Kills Herself.

Mrs. Charles Rogers, wife of a farmer living near Bagdad, slashed her throat with a razor while in a room with her husband, two children and two visitors, dying within a few minutes.

VICK'S Croup and SALVE
"JUST RUB IT ON"

Horseshoeing 80c
Blacksmithing and General Repairing. All Work Guaranteed—Prices Right.
NEW SHOP. NEW MATERIAL.
Jno. W. Mitchell 5th St. Near Main Redd's Old Stand

How to Treat Croup Externally

Rub Vick's "Vap-O-Rub" Salve well over the throat and chest for a few minutes—then cover with a warm flannel cloth. Leave the covering loose around the neck so that the soothing medicated vapors arising may loosen the choking phlegm and ease the difficult breathing. One application at bedtime insures against a night attack. 25c, 50c, or \$1.00. At druggists.

VICK'S VAPORUS SALVE

WANTED!
AT OUR
HIGH MARKET PRICES
FOR
Thursday, Friday And Saturday
March 9th, 10th and 11th.
20,000 POUNDS POULTRY

As Follows:

Hens	13c per pound
Roosters	5c per pound
Ducks	13c per pound
Geese	9c per pound
Guineas	20c Each
Turkey Hens	14c per pound
Young Toms	14c per pound
Old Toms	12c per pound

Also top market prices for Hides and Furs. Bring us your Produce while the market is strong and prices high.

Haydon Produce Co.
By Herbert L. Haydon, Mgr.

Papa's Idea.

"Oh, Papa!" exclaimed the joyous girl, as she tapped her boot with a whip, "what do you think of my new riding habit?"

"Daughter," replied Mr. Growcher, after a solemn survey, "that doesn't look to me like any habit. It looks more like a permanent affliction."

Sam Bedford Not Found.

The Kentucky River will be searched for Samuel W. Bedford, the insurance man missing since February 18, and Senator James has been asked by telegraph to obtain permission for the use of a Government dredge boat.

Split Threatened.

A. T. Hert of Louisville and his friends are contesting the election of J. W. McCullough of Owensboro, who was apparently elected at a meeting held at 2 o'clock Friday morning in a room at the Seelbach hotel. The Hertites charge the call was not official and challenge two of the votes by which the Davies county man claims his right to the place.

But the complications growing out of the Phoenix Hill state convention held in Louisville Wednesday do not end there. Negroes of the state, who cast 85,000 votes for the log cabin party, are up in arms because they are to be represented at the national convention in Chicago by only one vote.

A call was issued Saturday by the Republican Pacific and Political league, a negro organization, for a second republican state convention in Lexington, Mar. 9. George W. Gentry of Stanford is president of the organization.

His Last Chance.

"It is said," he remarked reflectively, "that women's hands are growing larger."

"Well?" she returned inquiringly.

"Yes," he asserted. "And the worst of it is that there is every likelihood that this tendency will continue."

"Yes?" she said in the same inquiring tone.

"Yes," he repeated. "You see, driving and golf, and tennis, and other sports that women have recently taken up are responsible for it."

"In that case," she said with a glance at her own dainty hands, "you'd better speak quick if you want a small one."

He realized that it was the opportunity of a lifetime, and he therefore spoke promptly.

DR. BEAZLEY
Specialist
(Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat.)

Six Pounds Butter Daily.

The champion Holstein cow is almost entirely white in color, but she is nevertheless a pure-bred and is registered. Her name is Ormsby Jane Segis Aaggie, and she is owned by a New York breeder, who purchased her about two years ago for \$250. She now claims title to the world's one-day, seven-day and thirty-day milk record for all breeds. Her record for 30 days is 3,050 pounds of milk which tests enough to make six pounds of butter per day. A four-year-old, she is large even for the Holstein breed, weighing about 1,500 pounds. She is now trying to break the world's yearly record.

Card of Thanks.

We desire through the Kentuckian to express our sincere thanks to the physicians, nurses and friends for the many kindnesses bestowed upon our daughter and sister, Virginia, during her recent illness at the Jennie Stuart Memorial Hospital, Hopkinsville, Ky.

Dr. J. J. Backus and family,
Gracey, Ky.

Tasmania has the world's richest tin mine.

LADIES!
This is the Store For Everything You Wear.

Redfern Corsets, Warner Corsets, Underwear, Hose, Gloves, Coat Suits, Dresses, Milinery, Rain Coats, Kimonas.

Everything Ready Made

J. T. Edwards Co.
INCORPORATED

FOR SALE

Seven Shorthorn Bulls
(All Registered)

From 1 to 3 yrs. old
2 Reds, 3 Roans, 2 Whites

Eagle Creek Farm
HAMNER & MEACHAM
-Proprietors.
R. F. D. 3, Morganfield, Ky.

FOR SALE

Seven Shorthorn Bulls
(All Registered)

From 1 to 3 yrs. old
2 Reds, 3 Roans, 2 Whites

Eagle Creek Farm
HAMNER & MEACHAM
-Proprietors.
R. F. D. 3, Morganfield, Ky.

(Copyright, 1916, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)